WAVES OF SONG.

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY

JOHN McPHERSON.

ST. LOUIS:

Published by Bureau of Christian Work,

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PREFACE.

WAVES OF SONG is sent out to the Sunday-schools of our land with the earnest prayer that through its influence many poor, wandering ones may be gathered into the "Fold," and that it may make them purer, wiser and better.

Much care has been bestowed on the compilation of this volume. Everything tainted with sectarianism has been excluded, so far as possible, from its pages.

We would hereby tender our sincere thanks to the many authors who have so generously placed their productions at our disposal.

Among the most prominent we would call to notice Rev. L. H. Dowling, of this city, for whose kind suggestions and generous help we shall ever be thankful.

Trusting that WAVES OF SONG may cheer the lonely, comfort the sad and help the great work of the Sunday-school, we send it on its mission.

THE AUTHOR.

ST. LOUIS, April 15th, 1876.

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WAVES OF SONG.

WAVES OF SONG.

Words by Rev. L. H. Dowling. Music by John McPherson.

1. Roll on, roll on, bright Waves of Song! The mes-sage of sal-va-tion Take up and bear on
1. Roll on, roll on, bright Waves of Song, And ban-ish care and sad-ness, Till praise pours forth from
3. Roll on, roll on, bright Waves of Song, Pour hal-low'd mu-sic o'er us, Till saints and an-gels

Chorus.

ev'-ry breeze, To ev'-ry tribe and na-tion. Roll on, bright Waves of Song, And
ev'-ry soul, An l hearts are filled with glad-ness.
all u-nite In one tri-umph-ant cho-rus roll on,

tell the won-drous sto-ry, Fill all the earth with joy-ful praise—Praise to the King of glo-ry.

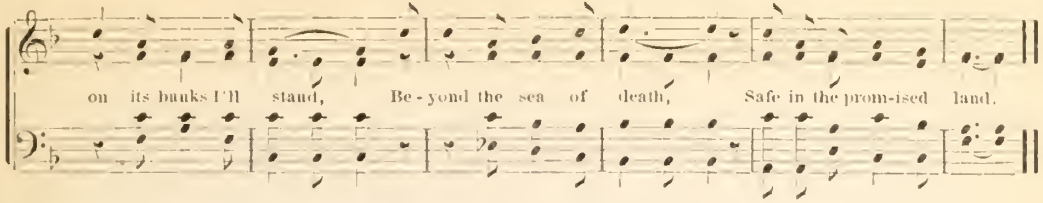
RIVER OF LIFE.

Words by Eden K. Latta. "And He shewed me a pure river of waters of life." Rev. 22, 1. Music by W. A. Ogden.

1. Be - yond the sea of death, Be - yond earth's pain and care, Thro' fields of fade - less green Doth flow life's riv - er fair, En-tranced, the crys - tal stream The proph - et did be- hold; He saw the wa-ters gleame Hard by the throne of God.
2. That crys - tal stream so bright, A daz - zling an - gel showed The proph - et's spir - it eye, As from the throne it flowed; We, too, by faith may see That stream so bright and calm, And to our hearts will be As Gil-ead's heal-ing balm.
3. The ran-somed all shall meet, Where those bright wa - ters glide, And on the mar - gin stray, That lim - pid stream be - side, Be - yond the sea of death, Be - yond earth's pain and care, Thro' fields of fade-less green Doth flow life's riv-er fair.

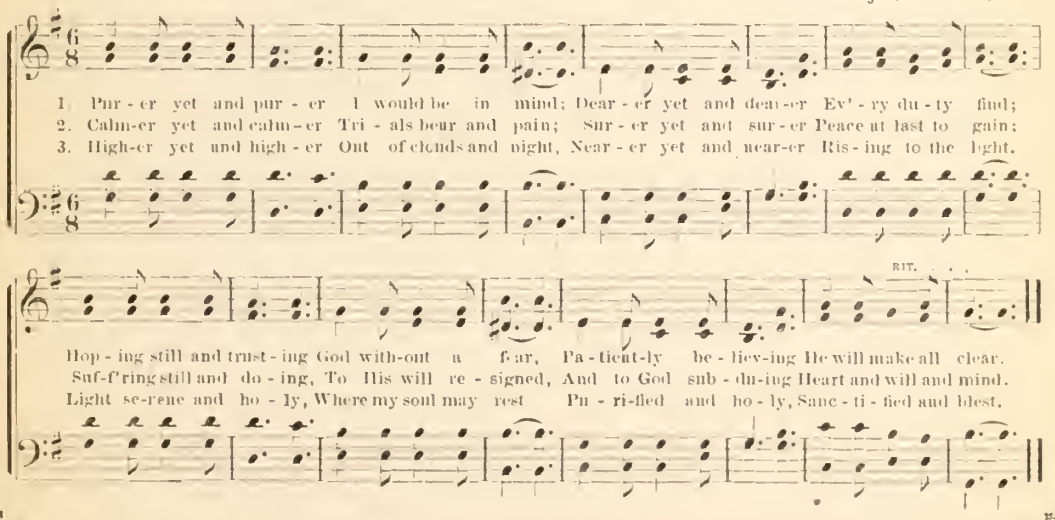
Chorus.

That riv - er I shall see; Up- That riv - er I shall see;



PURER I WOULD BE.

DIVOTO. Music by J. H. Leslie.



JESUS WILL COME.

Words by Jno. M. Music by John McPherson.

1. Sing and re - joice for Je - sus will come; O let your clear voic - es now ring; Jesus will come with bright an - gel band; For - ev - er his prai - ses they sing.
2. Je - sus will come, how cheering the thought! As on our dark path-way we roam; Yes, he will come in mer - cy to save; He'll come and he'll take us all home. Je - sus will come! Je - sus will come! And
3. Je - sus will come and sound a glad note Of cheer to the sad, wea - ry soul; Sure he will come and take us at last Save home to that cit - y of gold.

Chorus.

fold us at last to his breast. Je - sus will come! Jesus will come! O glo - ri-ous prom-ise of rest.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Music by J. K. Cole.

1 There is a gold - en cit - y, The new Je - ru - sa - lem, Where on the brow of
2 Snow-white are all the gar - ments The Lord's a - point - ed wear; The pure in heart a-
3. Up in yon gold - en cit - y, Je - ru - sa - lem the blest, The saved and glo - ri-
4. For yon - der gold - en cit - y, O Lord, my soul pre - pare, And take me with the

Chorus.

Je - sus rests The King - ly di - a - dem.
lone, a - lone, Can ev - er en - ter there.
fied en - joy A sweet, e - ter - nal rest.
pu - ri - fied To dwell for - ev - er there.

O place of shin - ing splen - dor! O land of peer - less

bloom! I long to share the glo - ry there, And be with Christ at home!

"WITH CHEERFUL SONGS."

Words by Esther D. Condo.

Music by John McPherson.

1. With cheer - ful lays glad - ly we sing, Van - ish now all tears; To God, our King, prais-
2. For mer - cies show - ered all a - round, Lord, we hom - age pay; In all our lives may
3. Some who have wor-shipped with us here, Have al - read - y gone To heav - en's glo - ry,

Chorus.

es we bring With heart - felt thank - ful - ness.
grace a - bound: Fa - ther, teach us the way. With cheer - ful songs we come, Bring-
safe from fear; They wait for us to come.

ing our praise to Thee; With hearts so light, And glad-some song, Bring - ing our praise to Thee.

Soldiers of the Cross.

Woards by Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Music by B. C. Oyler.

1. Be firm, O sol - diers of the cross! The con - flict soon will cease; And you shall go and
2. Be strong, O sol - diers of the cross! Stand no - bly for the right; And you will wave a
3. Be watch - ful, sol - diers of the cross! The sub - tle foe is nigh; And you must o - ver-
4. Be true, O sol - diers of the cross! And win the di - a - dem; And wear it as a

Chorus.

wear your crown In that land of per - fect peace. There's a crown for thee, There's a
vic - tro's palm In that land of glo - ry bright.
come his wiles Would you reign with Christ on high.
roy - al cross In the new Je - ru - sa - lem. There's a golden crown, a crown for thee, There's a

crown . . . . for me, . . . There's a crown . . . . for all a-bove, In the kingdom of his love.
gold - en crown, a crown for me, There's a gold - en crown for all a-bove, In the kingdom of his love.

GIVE IT TO JESUS.

Words by F. B. Copp. Music by E. A. Hoffman.

1. Oh, what shall I do with this heart of mine, So sin - ful, so false and so vain? For I've of ten prom-ised to change my life. I care not to prom - ise a - gain. I've brok - en my vows, and I've sinned a - new, So of - ten in sea - sons gone by, That now when I feel I ought to re-pent, am al most a - fraid to try.

2. Oh, what shall I do with my class so dear, Whose souls I have prayed for so much? Whose hearts yet so ten der, may soon grow hard And cold to the Sav - ior's kind touch. Oh, what more can be done for these dear youths, Ere hearts and af - fec - tions grow cold. To lead them a-way from broad ways of sin, And to save them from woes un-told?

3. Oh, what shall I do with my time be - low, My tal - ents, my pow ers, my health? My youth and its flow - ers of prom - ise sweet, My sor - rows, my wants and my wealth? With my man-hood, my age, my long sad days, My mo-ments of sweet ness and gall, My cross - es, my joys, my loss - es, my gains, With my be - ing, my life, my all?

CHORUS.

GIVE IT TO JESUS.—CONCLUDED.

Chorus.

Give it to Je - sus! Give it to Je - sus! You should have done it long a - go.

Give it to Je - sus! Give it to Je - sus! Je - sus can wash it white as snow.

ONE THERE IS.

Dr. J. B. Herbert.

1. One there is a love all others, Well deserves the name of Friend. His is love beyond a brother's Costly, free and knows no end.
2. Which of all our friends to save us, Could or would have shed his blood? But our Jesus died to have us Reconciled in him to God.
3. Oh! for grace our hearts to soften! Teach us, Lord, at length to love, We, alas! forget too often What a Friend we have a - bove

GOD IS LOVE.

Words by Rev. L. H. Dowling. Music by John McPherson.

1. "God is love," the snowflakes whisper, As they lin - ger in the air; "God is love," the breez-es mur-mur,
2. Lit - tle stars that shine in heav - en, As they twin-kle far a-bove; Peep-ing, smil-ing at each oth-er,
3. All the birds and all the flow - ers, Praise their Mak-er ev' - ry day; "God is love," the brooklet murmurs,
4. Saints and an - gels join the cho - rus, O - ver on the gold - en shore; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

Chorus.

VIGOROSO.

As they meet us ev' - ry-where,
Whis - per gent - ly, "God is love."
As it hur - ries on its way,
"God is love" for ev - er - more.

Let us sing the cheer - ful cho - rus, Let us join the

hap - py throng; By and by, be - yond the riv - er, We will sing the new, new song.

Open the gates for me.

Words by Jno. M. Music by John McPherson.

1. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, O hear my cry! O-pen the gates for me: Ten-der-ly hearkon, O pass not by;
2. Show me the beauties of that bright land; O-pen the gates for me; With my dear Je-sus I hope to stand;
3. Beau-ti-ful garments I there shall wear; O-pen the gates for me; Bright palms of vic-to-ry I shall bear;

O-pen the gates for me. Long have I wan-dered from thee I know, Darkness hangs o'r me where-
O-pen the gates for me. There in that glo-ry-world pure and bright, Earth and its sor-row-ings
O-pen the gates for me. There in his beau-ty I'll see my king, There may I ev-er his

e'er I go, Wan-d'ring so wea-ry 'mid rain and snow; O-pen the gates for me!
veiled from sight, Where nev'r com-eth the shades of night; O-pen the gates for me!
prais-es sing; Ev-er and ev-er ye glad harps ring! O-pen the gates for me!

THE LIVING VINE.

Words by Maria Straub. "I am the Vine and ye are the branches." Music by W. A. Ogden.

1. "I am the Vine," the Sav - ior said, "And you the branch - es are; My Fa - ther is the
2. "I am the Vine, a - bide in me; O with - er not a - way; Drink free - ly at the
3 "A - bide in Me and I in thee, That ill may ne'er be - tide, And bear much fruit, for

Chorus.

hus-band-man, Each branch his ten - der care." The Vine . . . true Vine . . . A-
fount of life, And with me ev - er stay."
here - in is My Fa - ther glo - ri - fied." The Vine, the Vine, the liv - ing Vine,

round it close - ly twine. . . A - bide in Him your Sav-ior, Friend; O cling un - to the Vine.
close-ly twine.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Words by R. A. G. Music by R. A. Glenn.

1. Oh strive for that beau ti ful Zi - on, Built for thee a - bove. Oh come, saith the Bride and the Spir it,
2. 'Tis Je - sus a - lone that can save you, Strive to en - ter in. In thro' the high por-tals of glo ry,
3. Be faith ful and al ways be read - y, Je - sus soon will come, And gath - er to - geth - er His peo ple

Chorus.

Beau - - - - ti ful Zi on, Beau - - - ti ful Zi on,

En - ter that cit - y of love.
safe from all sor-row and sin.
In to that beau ti - ful home.

Beau-ti ful, beau - ti - ful Zi on, Beau - ti ful, beau ti ful Zi on, Built for thee a-

Beau - - ti - ful Zi - on, Beau - - - - ti - ful Zi - on,

bove; Beau ti ful, beau ti - ful Zi on, Beau ti ful, beau ti ful Zi on, Beau ti - ful cit y of love

COME, COME TO-DAY.

Words by C. H. G. Music by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O wea - ry, guilt - y soul, So full of sin, Dost thou not see the goal? Haste! en - ter in.
2. There we shall wear the robe Of snow - y white; Play with the harps of gold With saints of light.
3. There loud our song shall ring Thro' heav-en's dome, As songs to God we sing 'Round his white throne.

Je - sus is wait - ing there, Come, and his bless-ing share, Reign with the bright and fair, Come, come to-day.
No sor-rows there can come, No pains there ev - er harm; Come to that bless - ed home, Come, come to-day.
There while the a - ges run, Shin - ing brightly as the sun, Ne'er shall our song be done, Come, come to-day.

STURGIS.

John McPherson.

MODERATO. RIT.

1. He lead-eth me! oh bless-ed thought! Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught: Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
2. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur, nor re-pine; Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Do you know that you must die?

Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. Do you know that you must die, That your life will soon be o'er, That your feet ere long must
2. Do you know that you must die, That per-haps this ver-y day May the reap-ing-an-gel
3. Do you know that you must die, And ap-pear be-fore the Lord, There to ren-der an ac-

Chorus.

read Yon-der on the un-known shore?
come To con-vey your soul a-way? Are you read-y to de-part?
count For each care-less, i-dle word?

Have you giv-en Christ your heart? Christ a-lone can save your soul; Come to him and be made whole!

TREE OF LIFE.

Words by Adam B. Condo. Music by John McPherson.

1. God says in His word, if you're faith-ful In all that He's told you to do, And al-ways be will-ing and
2. We learn in His word we should la-bor, And al-ways give heed to the truth; For un-to us all He has
3. And af-ter a-while o-ver yon-der, A-way from all sor-row and strife, We'll walk thro' the gardens of

trust-ful, His bless-ing will rest up-on you. My bless-ed Re-deem-er, O help me To
prom-ised To guide and di-rect us in youth. My bless-ed Re-deem-er, O help me To
heav-en, Gath'ring fruit from the bright Tree of Life. O beau-ti-ful tree, bear-ing sweet fruit! And

walk in the way thou hast trod: I want to be ev-er in earn-est; I want the bright smiles of my God.
work in thy vine-yard be-low; I want to be hum-ble and faith-ful, And serve thee where-ever I go.
blos-soms that nev-er can fade! I want to pluck fruit from thy branches, I want to re-pose in thy shade.

Go Work in My Vineyard To-day.

"Go ye also into my vineyard, and whatever is right I will give you." Matt. 20. 4.

Words and Music by L. H. Dowling.

1. O I-dler, go work in the vine-yard to - day, The Mas-ter is call-ing for you, Go work in my vineyard and
2. There's work for the high, and there's work for the low, It mat-ters not where you may be; Then work in the vineyard where-
3. Go work in the vineyard of Je - sus, the Lord, And pray to the Father for aid, The Master will give you a

Chorus.

make no de - lay, The la-b'rers, the la-b'rers are few.
ev - er you go, The Mas-ter is call-ing for thee.
pre-cious re-ward, In treas-ures that nev - er can fade.
} Go work in my vine-yard to - day, Go

to-day,

work in my vineyard to - day, The harvest is great and the la-b'rers are few, Go work in my vineyard to - day.

SOWING THE SEED.

Words by L. H. D. Matt. 13. Music by J. William Suffern.

1. Out in the beau-ti - ful seed-time of youth, Sowing the glo - ri-ous seed of the truth, Cov'ring the
2. Sow-ing the seed in the dry dust - y way, Sowing the seed in the damp mi-ry clay; Sowing the
3. Sow-ing the seed, ah! sow-ing it where? Each heart's a field of the Sow-er's care; Oh, is the
4. Say, is the seed sown, all withered and dead? Say' do the thistles and briars spring instead? Say, is th:

Chorus.

Sow - - - ing,

mountain and cov'ring the plain, Sow-ing the seed of the gold - en grain.
seed 'mong the thorns and the weeds, Cov'ring the rocks with the pre-cious seeds.
seed in our hearts sown to-day, Like that 'twas sown in the dus t- y way.
seed of the Kingdom a-bove, Springing and fill-ing our hearts with love.

Sowing, sowing, sowing, sowing

Sow - - - ing,

Sowing, sowing, sowing, sowing

Sow - - - ing, Sowing the seed, Sowing the seed,

Sowing precious seed, precious seed, Sow - ing, sow ing, Sowing the seed of the golden grain.

Come to Jesus, Weary Soul.

Words by R. G. Young. Music by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Come to Je - sus, wea - ry soul; Do not still de - lay; Come and seek a Sav-ior's love;
2. See the Lord is pass - ing by! Soon 'twill be too late! Do not now des - pise His love;
3. Je - sus died, He died for thee; Oh what pain He bore On the mount of Cal - va - ry!
4. He is wait - ing to re - ceive, Sin-ners, such as you; Then for - sake your i - dle ways;

Chorus.

Come while yet 'tis day.
Seek the best es - tate.
Sin ye then no more.
Ev - er - more be true.

Come, oh, come to Je - sus! See! he waits for thee! Come and seek for - give - ness, Ere the mom - ents flee!

LOOKING TO JESUS.

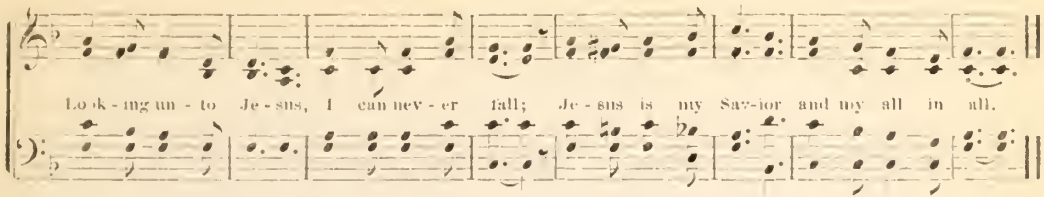
Words by Jas. Nicholson. Music by E. A. Hauchet.

1. Look - ing un - to Je - sus for sus-tain - ing grace, That I may with patience run the heavenly race;
2. Look - ing un - to Je - sus when my hopes are bright, Look - ing un - to Je-sus when my hopes take flight;
3. Look - ing un - to Je - sus, O de-light-ful sight! Je - sus turns my darkness in - to heaven-ly light;
4. Look - ing un - to Je - sus till the hour shall come, When He sends His an-gels down to take me home;

Look-ing un - to Je - sus when I'm weak or strong; Look-ing un - to Je - sus, I am helped a - long.
Look-ing un - to Je - sus when of friends be - reft, Look-ing un - to Je - sus when there's nothing left.
Look-ing un - to Je - sus thro' the storm-y skies, Je - sus gilds with glo - ry all the clouds that rise.
Look-ing un - to Je - sus till His face I see, In His un-veiled glo - ry thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

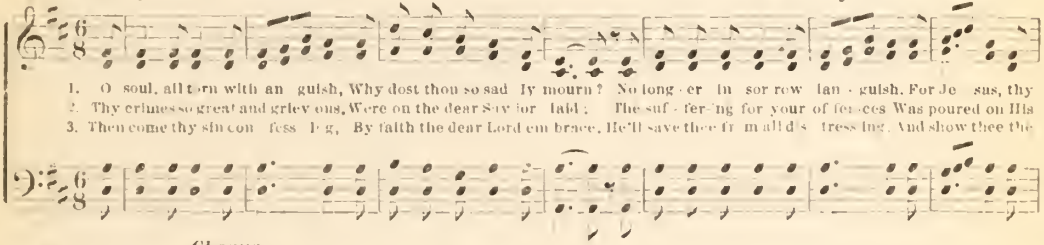
Chorus.

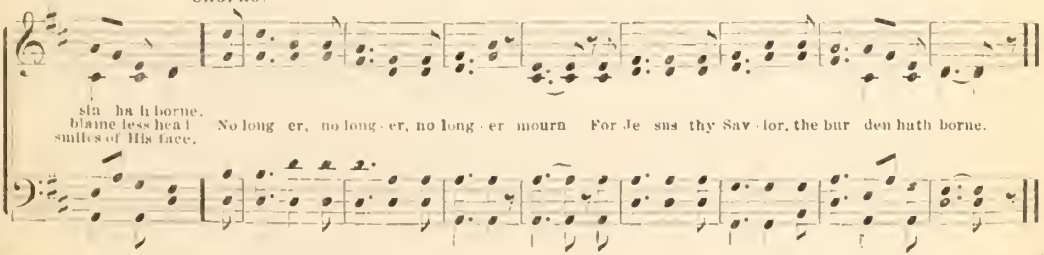
Look-ing un - to Je - sus, look-ing ev' - ry day; For I know that Je - sus is the Truth, the Way;



Why dost thou Mourn?

Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Music by Gabriel Miesse.





FLOWING ON.

Words by John M. Music by John McPherson.

1 We are float-ing on the stream of time; Gently drift-ing to that waveless strand, Where the tree of life is bloom-ing
2. Yes, our boat is wild-ly toss-ing now, As we ride the heaving bil-lows o'er; We can al-most hear the voi - ces
3. We are slow-ly drift-ing to you home, Where we hope to ever-more reside; There with dear ones who have gone be-

Chorus.

fair, On that pu-rer, bet-ter, Up - per land. Flow-ing on . . . . flow-ing on . . . . To that
now Of our friends who live on yonder shore.
fore, We will sing His praise beyond the tide. Flow-ing on, flow-ing on To that

hap - py, wave-less strand.
happy, happy, happy, waveless, waveless strand Flowing on, flowing on, Flowing on, We are floating to that bet-ter land.

WHAT THEN?

SLOWLY.

Words and Music by L. H. Dowling.

1. Af - ter the storms of life, Af - ter its toil and strife, Af - ter its gloom and fears,
2. Af - ter its rend-ing sighs, Af - ter its sad good-bys, Af - ter its Jor - dan waves,
3. Then comes the dawn of peace, Then comes the sweet release, Then comes to spir - its free,
4. We'll meet up - on that shore, Our loved ones gone be-fore, We'll join the ran-somed throng

What then? Just then, What then? Just then,

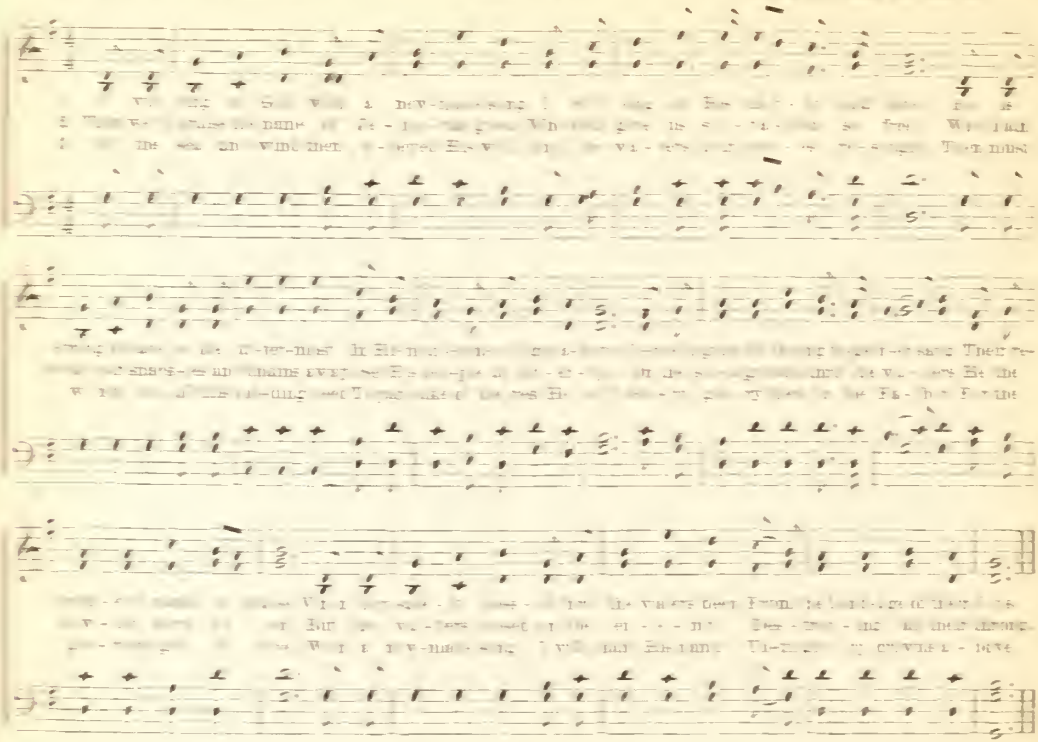
Coda, after the last verse.

Af - ter its cares and tears, What then? What then?
Af - ter its si - lent graves, What then? What then?
Homes by the jas - per sea, Just then, Just then.
In one tri - umph-ant song, Just then, Just then.

Oh, Fa - ther, help me pray, Lead me from day to day, Oh, it me with Thy love For end - less joy a - bove.

SONG OF FAITH.

Words by Chas. H. Barrie. Music by John W. Pearson.



WE WILL TRUST THEE.

Music by R. C. Staples

1. We will trust Thee, gra-cious God, We will own Thy sov-ereign rod. We will [illegible]
2. Gems nor in-cense can we bring, Nor with per-fume fill our king: Yet we [illegible]

awe, We will keep Thy ho-ly law. In our weak-ness we will cry, [illegible]
gift, Trust-ing Him whose blood was spilt, We ap-proach Thee, and in-[illegible]

bo-som trem-bling fly; In Thy pres-ence we the knee, And our [illegible]-ing [illegible] to Thee.
we may sin no more. Earn-est-ly we now im-plore Grace that we [illegible]

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

Words by E. R. Latta. "Consider the lilies of the field." Matt. VI. 28. Music by W. A. Ogden.

SLOW.

1. Con - sid - er the beau - ti - ful lil - ies, The lil - ies so bright and fair,
That Sol - o - mon when in his glo - ry, Would . . . . . .

2. Con - sid - er the beau - ti - ful lil - ies, And un - to the Fa - ther pray,
To give you a sanc - ti - fied spir - it, As . . . . . .

3. Con - sid - er the beau - ti - ful lil - ies, The lil - ies so bright and fair,
But bright-er and fair - er the rai - ments, That . . . . . .

. . . nev - er with them com - pare. They take not a thought for their rai - ment, For
. . . pure in His sight as they. If thus for the flow - ers He car - eth, Whose
. . . glo - ri - fied child - ren wear. Those gar - ments ex - cel - ling in beau - ty The

none of their wants take heed; And yet doth the Heav - en - ly
life is so quick - ly past; Much more will He care for the
lil - ies that blos - som here, We'll pray to the Fa - ther to

Chorus.

Fa - ther Pro - vide them with all they need.
spir - it, And fit it for bliss at last. Then trust in your
give us, A - bove, in that bliss - ful sphere.

Heav - en - ly Fa - ther, Dear child - ren, from day to day; For

He tak - eth care of the lil - ies, And ye are worth more than they.

Our Beautiful Home above.

Words by Flora.

Music by John McPherson.

MODERATO.

1. There is a hap - py world a-bove, Be - yond the star - ry sky; The home of pu - ri - ty and love,
2. No grave shall ev - er op - en there, No fu - neral bell be tolled; No clouds shall darken in the air,
3. Lo, there the white-robed wait-ing stand, They watch us from a - far; Still voic - es come from yon-der land
4. To that fair land we haste a - way, Be - yond the star - ry dome, To spend an ev - er - last-ing day

Home, beau-ti-ful home.

Chorus

And thith - er would I fly. Bean - ti - ful, bean-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home! Oh that bean-ti - ful home a-
No win - ter long and cold.
Thro' pear - ly gates a - jar.
With Christ and friends at home.

home,

Beau-ti-ful, bean-ti-ful home.

bove! We'll sing ev - er - more on that bean - ti - ful shore, In our bean - ti - ful home a - bove.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Music by Dr. J. B. Herbert.

1. Noth - ing but leaves, the spir - it grieves O - ver a wast - ed life; O'er sins in-
2. Noth - ing but leaves, no gath - er'd sheaves Of life's fair rip'n-ing grain; We sow our
3. Noth - ing but leaves, sad mem - ory weaves No veil to hide the past; And as we
4. Ah! who shall thus the Mas - ter meet, Bear-ing but with-er'd leaves! Ah! who shall

dulged while con - science slept, O'er vows and prom - is - es un - kept, And
seeds, lo! tares and weeds, Words, i - - dle words for earn - est deeds, We
trace our wea - ry way, Count - ing each lost and mis - spent day, sad-
at the Sav - ior's feet, Be - fore the aw - ful judg - ment seat, Lay

reaps from years of strife — Noth - ing but leaves, noth - ing but leaves.
reap with toil and pain — Noth - ing but leaves, noth - ing but leaves.
ly we find at last — Noth - ing but leaves, noth - ing but leaves.
down, for gold - en sheaves, — Noth - ing but leaves, noth - ing but leaves.

The Harvest Time is Passing by.

Music by Frank M. Davis.

1. Why stand i - dly wait - ing, Chris - tian reap - ers, While the gold - en morn is pass - ing by? For soon will the ev'n - ing shad-ows gath - er, And the night of death be draw-ing nigh.
2. Hear ye not the Mas - ter's call for reap - ers? Will ye let His plead-ing be in vain? And shall gold - en sheaves be yet un gath - 'red, Sure - ly waist-ing there up - on the plain?
3. Go, work in the vine - yard of the Mas - ter! See the fields are wait-ing far and near! They are read - y, wait - ing for the reap - ers; Hear the Mas - ter call - ing loud and clear!

Duet. *Chorus.*

Why will ye reap - ers wait - ing stand, When the har - vest time is pass - ing by?

The Harvest Time is Passing by.—CONCLUDED.

Duet. *Chorus.*

Thrust in your sick - le, reap the plain, Be - fore the eve of death draws nigh.

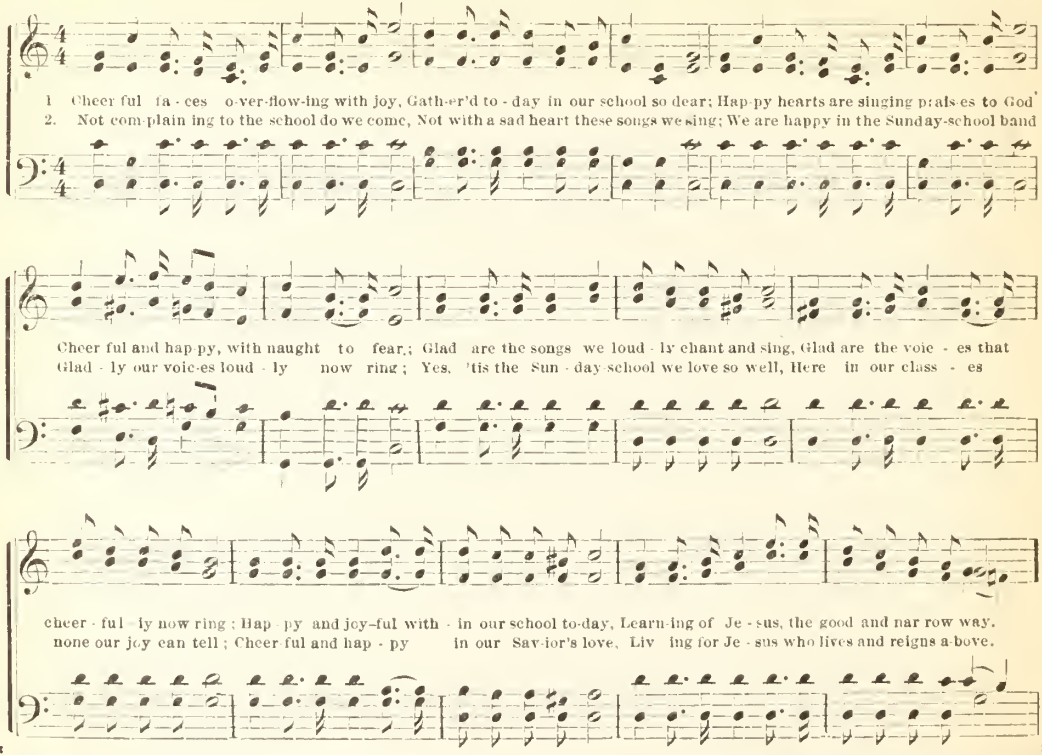
Full Chorus, strong.

Then a - way, Then a - way,
For the har - vest time is pass - ing
To the work, to the work,

by; Then a - way, then a - way,
For the har - vest time is pass - ing by.
pass-ing by; To the work, to the work,

CHEERFUL FACES.

Words by C. H. G. "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance," Prov. 15, 13. Music by Chas. H. Gabriel.



Chorus.

Cheer - ful fa - ces o - ver - flow - ing with joy, Gath - er'd to - day in our school so dear;

Hap - py hearts are o - ver - flow - ing with joy, Cheer - ful and hap - py with naught to fear.

PARKER.

Words by Jno M. Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Fannie M. Parker, McLeansboro, Ills. Music by John McPherson.

1. Dear Lord, I lift my eyes, To whom all praise is due, For Thy dear care and blessings choice, And mer cies n t a few
2. Thro' all th still - ly night Thy watch-ful care I feel; From set of sun t ll morn ing light, Thy glo-rious pres ence yield'
3. Dear Lord show me the way To those sweet homes a bove, And there may I for end - less day, E'er taste of Thy great love.

BLOW YE THE TRUMP.

Words by A. B. C. Music by A. B. Condo.

VIGOROSO.

1. All ye lit - tle val - iant sol - diers, That are march-ing to the fight, Gath - er in your wan-d'ring
2. In the fight well wave our ban - ner, For it bears sweet words for me; Je - sus loves the lit - tle
3. Oh when tri - als are ap - pear-ing, And the en - e - my is near; Then we'll hear our King com-

play - mates; God has told you that you might.
child - ren; Je - sus! King! we'll fight for Thee. Blow ye the trump! God says you may,
mand - ing: "Cheer up, val - iant sol-diers, cheer!"

Tho' so ver - y young you be: "Blow ye the trump!" God calls to-day; Send the news o'er land and sea.

ROOM FOR JESUS.

Words by John M. Music by John McPherson.

1. Have you an - y room for Je - sus, In your heart, my child, to - day? Will you give your-self to
2. Have you an - y room for Je - sus, For the One who died for thee? Who on calva-ry's rug - ged
3. Have you an - y room for Je - sus? Give your hearts to Je - sus now! On - ly He, of all, can

Chorus.

Je - sus? He's the Life, the Truth, the Way.
Mount - ain Died to save both you and me. Room for Je - sus! King of glo - ry! Give your
save you; Ev' - ry knee to Je - sus bow!

hearts to Him to day; He it was who came to save you; To Him all your hom - age pay.

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Music by R. A. Kinzie.

1. I have a hope of Heav-en! It com-forts my poor heart: And oft I long from
2. I have a hope of Heav-en! A bright, as-sur-ing hope; And oft I seem to
3. I have a hope of Heav-en! It fills my soul with bliss; And soon my feet shall

Chorus.

earth and friends A-way, a-way to part.
see yon gates Of glo-ry, glo-ry ope. O bless-ed hope of Heav-en! O home of joy and
tread that land, More fair, more fair than this.

peace! I long to share thy glo-ry, And taste thy heav'n-ly bliss.

Lead me not into Temptation.

Words by Fannie M. Parker. Music by John McPherson.

1. Lead me not thro' paths and by-ways, All be-set with snares of sin; For my feet are all too
2. I have tried to serve Thee, Fa-ther, In my falt'-ring, doubt-ing way; Not-with-stand-ing all Thy
3. I would dwell with thee, my Fa-ther! In Thy King-dom up a-bove; With its crowns and throne of
4. But thou know-est, O my Fa-ther! Light must be the cross I bear; Or I'll nev-er reach the

Chorus.

will-ing In these paths to en-ter in. Lead me safe-ly! Lead me gent-ly!
mer-cies, I have of-ten gone a-stray.
jas-per, And its at-mos-phere of love.
King-dom Of my Sav-ior o-ver there. Lead me safe-ly! Lead me gent-ly.

RIT. . . .

Guide me ev-er on my way; Let Thy hand di-rect and help me O'er my path-way day by day

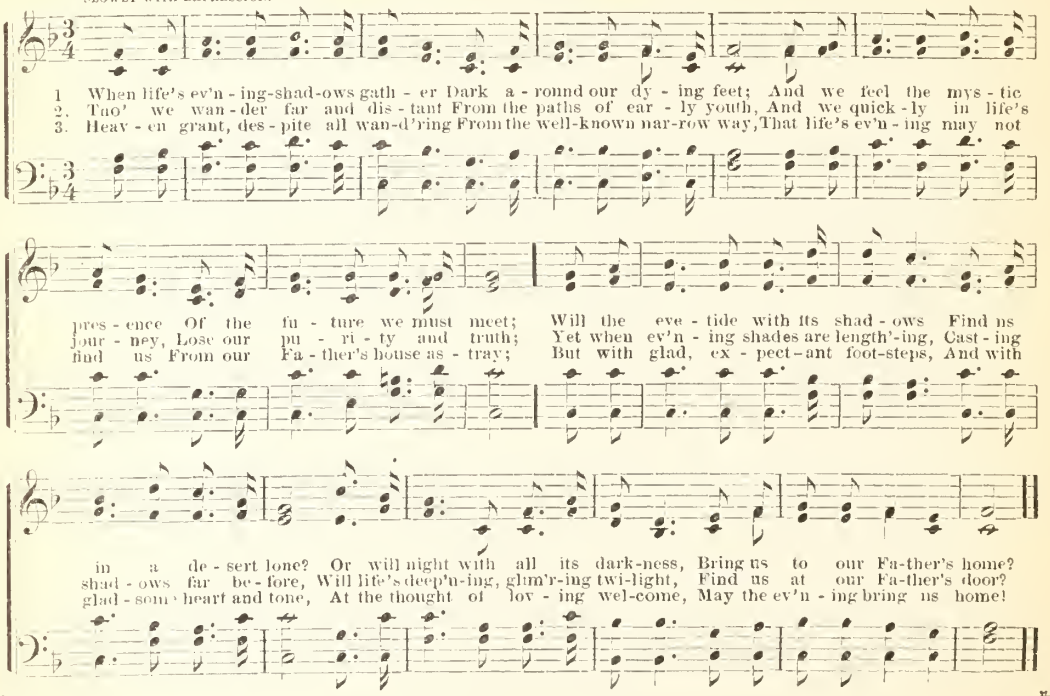
Guide me ev-er on my way; Let Thy hand di-rect and help me O'er my path-way day by day.

The Night will take me Home.

Words by Fannie M. Parker. Music by John McPherson.

[During the rebellion, a soldier in one of the Washington Hospitals after a painful illness finally died. The day of his death, he had lain in a semi-unconscious state, only arousing himself to ask the time of day.. Towards the close of the afternoon, the nurse enquired why he wished to know the exact hour. The dying soldier, with a peaceful smile, answered : "Because the night will take me home." And so it proved.]

SLOWLY WITH EXPRESSION.



NONE BUT JEHOVAH.

Words by Eden K. Latta. Music by W. A. Ogden.

1. Up out of E - gypt I brought you, From your op-press-ors a - way; Yet ye have asked for a
2. Me ye this day have re - ject - ed, I who could vic - to - ry bring; And for your lead-er in
3. Might - i - est one of the peo - ple, He shall your rul - er be made; Me ye this day have re-

Chorus.

rul - er, Whom you may serve and o - bey.
bat - tle, One shall be chos - en your king. None but Je - ho - vah can save us,
ject - ed, Look to your rul - er for aid!

When we are met by the foe; He shall be ev - er our Lead - er, While we are pil-grims be - low.

Lord, within Thy Holy Temple.

Words by Z. Z. MISSIONARY HYMN. Music by T. Frank Allen.

EARNESTLY.

1. Lord, with - in Thy ho - ly tem-ple, Once a - gain we all u - nite; On our lit - tle band as-
2. We would tell the hea - then na-tions Of a Sav - ior, good and kind; Tell them of a bet - ter
3. O, when in that land of beau-ty, Wan-d'ring thro' its streets of gold, Many a ran-somed soul may

sem - bled Deign to pour Thy heav'n-ly light. We have met as will - ing help - ers
coun - try, Where they all may en-trance find; Tell them that for those who hun - ger,
meet us, And in tones of bliss un - fold: How, lost sheep, they wan-d'red sad - ly

In our Mas-ter's cause to - day. Glo-rious cause! we deem it wor-thy E-ven of an an-gel's lay.
There im - mor - tal fruits a - bound, That for those who here are thirst-ing There are crys-tal wa-ters found
Thro' the des-erts, dark and cold, Till we told them of a Shep-herd, Who would take them to His fold.

Hosanna, let the Children Sing!

Words by Jno M. Music by John McPherson.

1. From lit - tle ones like Je - sus blest, Ho - san - nas now be heard; Let all the dear ones
2. Ho - san - na sound from shore to shore, And spread from plain to plain! And loud - er, sweet - er,
3. Ho - san - na sing each lit - tle voice! Praise ye your Mas-ter's name! Let ev - 'ry na - tion

Chorus.

f

now be taught To praise our lov - ing Lord!
clear - er still, Woods ech - o the re - train! Ho - san - na be the child-ren's song, To
now re - joice! The Sav-ior's name pro - claim!

Christ, the child - ren's King! Shout praise to whom our souls be-long! Let all the child - ren sing!

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Music by Miss Leora Gowdy.

1. There is a home e - ter - nal, Beau - ti - ful and bright, Where sweet joys su - per - nal
2. Flow - ers for - e'er are spring-ing, In that home so fair, Sweet are loved ones sing - ing,
3. Soon shall I join that an-them Far be - yond the sky; Je - sus is my ran - som,

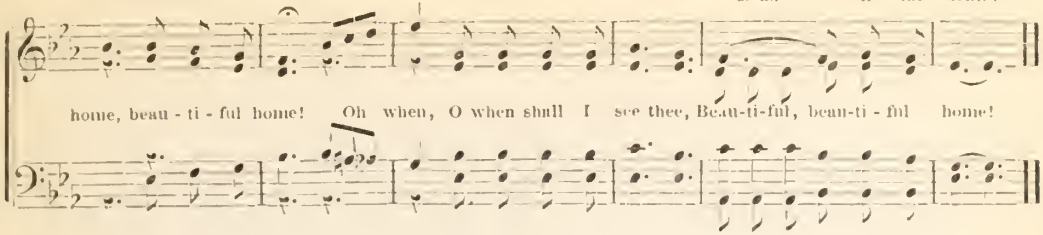
Nev - er are dimmed by night; White-robed an - gels are sing-ing, Ev - er a-round the white throne,
Prais - es to Je - sus there; How they swell the glad an-them, Ev - er a-round the white throne,
Why should I fear to die? Soon my eyes will be-hold Him Seat - ed up - on the white throne,

Chorus.

Beau - - ti - ful home.

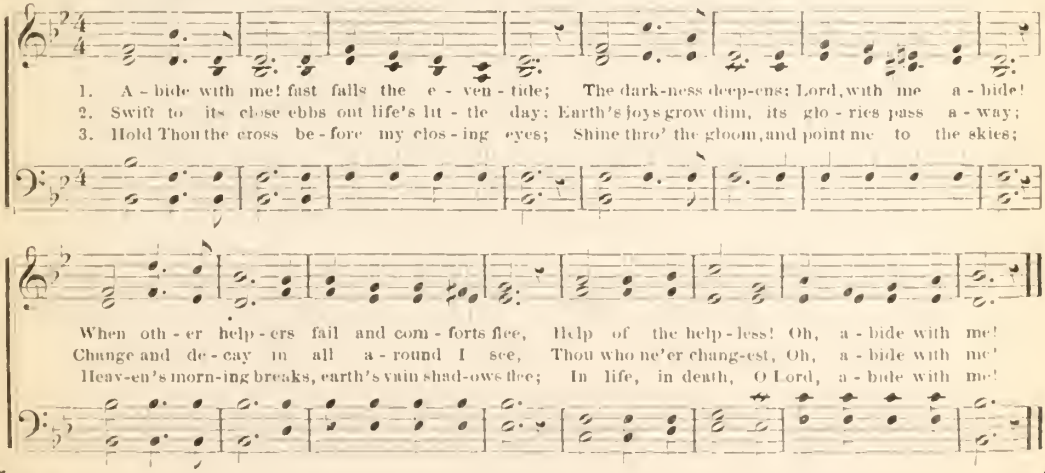
When, oh when shall I see thee, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home? Home, beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti - ful
Beautiful home,

Then, yes then &c.



ABIDE WITH ME.

WITH MUCH FEELING. Music by T. Frank Allen.



DO I OBEY THEE?

Words by R. D. Swain. Music by John McPherson.

1. Do I o - bey Thee, pre-cious One, The one that rules on high? Do I o - bey Thee,
2. Do I o - bey Thee, Son of God, In ev' - ry dai - ly care? And do I love to
3. If I do not, oh Ho - ly One, Teach me just what to do; I want to serve Thee

Chorus.

God's own Son, And feel that Thou art nigh?
give Thee praise, And serve Thee ev' - ry - where? Do I o - bey Thee, dear - est Lord, In
ev' - ry hour, I want to love Thee, too.

all I do and say? Oh trace for me the nar - row path, That leads to end - less day!

Go to the Fountain.

Words by Maria Straub. Music by A. B. Condo.

1. Trav' - ler, wea - ry, thirst - y, faint, Go - ing o'er life's des- ert waste, Oh be - hold the
2. Thirst - y soul, look up and live; See the Fount-ain flow-ing free! All thy droop-ing
3. Wea - ry Chris - tian, trust thy Lord, Foun-tain of the life with - in! Take the joys He
4. Trav' - ler, wea - ry, thirst - y, faint, Pil - grim to the oth - er shore, Seek the soul's re-

Chorus.

crys - tal stream! To the liv - ing wa - ters haste.
powers re - vive! Take the bless - ing of - fered thee.
fain would give; Go, oh free - ly go to Him.
fresh - ing stream; Drink, oh drink and thirst no more.

Go to the flow - ing Fount - ain!

Je - sus bids thee, come; Drink of the liv - ing wa - ter! Je - sus bids thee, come.

HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

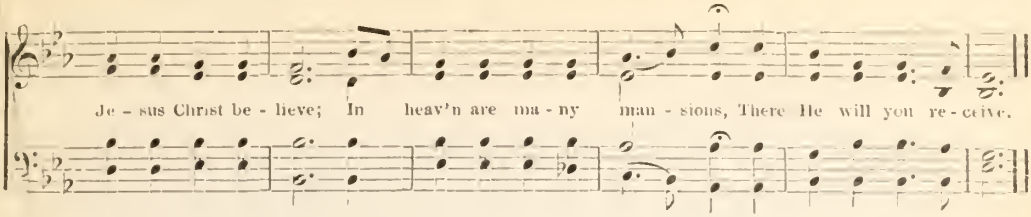
James McGranahan.

1. Let not your heart be trou - bled, In Je - sus Christ be - lieve; In heav'n are ma - ny man-sions,
2. Oh come to God, the Fa - ther, By Christ, the liv - ing Way, Who is the on - ly Sav - ior,
3. Child-ren, be - lieve on Je - sus, Then power will you he giv'n To do things great and wor - thy,

Where He will you re - ceive; He's gone to make them read - y, Lo, He will come a - gain,
And guide to end - less day; Since Christ is in the Fa - ther, And God is in the Son,
Wher Christ shall plead in heav'n; And what you ask in pray - er, In name of Christ, the Son,

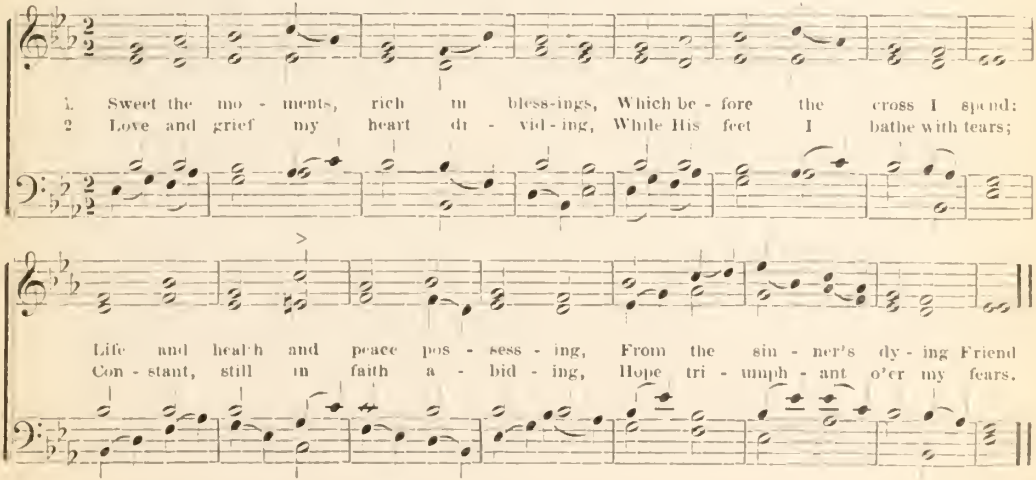
Chorus.

That where He lives in glo - ry, With Him you may re-main.
They who re - ceive the Sav - ior, The Fa-ther's love have won. Let not your heart be trou - bled, In
That God may have the glo - ry, By Him it shall be done.



SONG OF THE CROSS.

VESPER HYMN. J. H Anderson.



COME INTO HIS ARMY.

Words by John McPherson. Music by W. H. Burgett.

1. Come in - to the Sun-day-School-Ar-my! Come, bat-tle for God with might! Come work, for the Mas-ter is
2. Come, ral - ly be-neath His dear ban-ner! Come, fight till the dawn ap-pears! Come give Him your hearts, lit-tle
3. Come, fight in the ar - my of Je - sus! Come, help in this work of love! At last when your days here are

Chorus.

Come in, come in,

call - ing! Come, fight for both truth and right!
chil-dren! He'll heed all your prayers and tears. Come in, come in, Come in, come in; Come
end - ed, You'll have a bright home a - bove.

join its bright ranks to - day; Oh join the grand ar - my of Je - sus! And fight for our Lord, we pray!

GATHER THE HARVEST IN.

Words by Rev. S. J. Graham. [From "Songs of Redemption" by permission. Music by A. S. Kieffer.

1. The har - vest field's al - read - y white, Gath - er the har - vest in; A - mid the blaze of
1. There's work for ev' - ry one to do, Gath - er the har - vest in; There's work for me and
3. Young toil - ers in your Mas-ter's cause, Gath - er the har - vest in; Mind not to shun the
4. And you old sol-diers of the cross, Gath - er the har - vest in: Who count all earth - ly

Chorus.

Gos - pel light, Gath - er the har - vest in.
work for you, Gath - er the har - vest in.
world's ap-plause, Gath - er the har - vest in.
things but loss, Gath - er the har - vest in.

Gath - er the har - vest in, Gath - er the har - vest

in; Poor sin - ners are dy - ing all a - round; Gath - er the har - vest in!

A HOME OVER THERE.

"We have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." 2 Cor. 5, 1.

Words and Music by L. H. Dowling.

1. I've a home over there, Where the trees of life grow, In that land bright and fair, Where the living waters flow.
2. I've a home over there, In the land of the blest, Where the ladened with care Shall for-ev - er find rest
3. Jesus leads me along, And I know I will rise— I will join in that song That will gladden the skies.

Chorus.

I've a home over there, Yes, a home bright and fair, A home in that country, Yes, a home over there; I've a home, Yes, a home, I've a home in that coun-try, Yes, a home o - ver there.

o-ver there, o - ver there,

JUST A LITTLE WHILE.

Words by Florence Baker Oldham. Music by R. Porter Orr.

1. On ly a lit - tle while, As God re-counts the years; On - ly a lit tle while, If smil-ing or If tears; On - ly a lit - tle
2. On ly a lit tle while We mourn the loved & lost; On ly a lit - tle while By for-tune's ch nges tossed, On ly a lit tle

Chorus.

while The wea ry feet shall stray, Ere His tir - ed child The Fa ther calls a way On ly a lit - tle while,
while Till breaks the sil-ver chord, The chorus then we'll join For - ev - er with the Lord.

on - ly a lit - tle while! As the sun is set-ting gleam the lights of home; Je-sus makes the mansion ready, He beckons: children, come.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Words by R. D. Swain. Music by John McPherson.

1. Oh how I love the Sun-day-school, The place where chil-dren go To read a - bout our Sav - ior's love For sin - ners here be - low.
2. Oh how I love my teach-er's smile, When he comes in the door, And sees me in the ver - y seat That I was in be - fore.
3. Oh, yes, I'll go to Sun-day-school, And learn to sing and pray, By read - ing from His pre - cious word; For there He shows the way.

Chorus. I'll go to school, I'll go, I'll go to Sun - day-school, And with the chil-dren meet; And learn of Him who reigns a - bove, And wor-ship at His feet.

SHE HAS GONE.

Words by Jno. M.

IN MEMORIAM—FANNIE THORPE.

Music by John McPherson.

EXPRESSIONE.

1. She has gone to that pure, bright world, Gone where no sor-row can come; She has left this sad world of
2. There she'll see her dear mo-ther's face, In that bright land far from sight; And will walk on those gold - en
3. Oh, the an - g ls will meet you there, Round you their arm gent-ly fold; And they'll lead you to man - sions

Chorus.

toil, And has gone to her heav'n-ly home.
streets In that home where can come no night. She has gone! oh, we miss her so! That sweet
fair In that cit - y whose streets are gold.

voice now is hushed and gone; She has gone, but our Fa - ther, we know, Will ten - der-ly take her home.

DRIFTING.

Words by D. R. Miller. Music by Dr. J. B. Herbert.

1. We are drift - ing, light - ly drift - ing, As the pleas - ant lights are shift - ing O'er the
2. We are drift - ing, slow - ly drift - ing, As the mists of years are lift - ing, And we
3. We are drift - ing, sad - ly drift - ing, And the sands of life are sift - ing, As the
4. But while drift - ing, ev - er drift - ing, Let us learn by Heav - en's gift - ing, That we

rip - pling, dan - cing cur - rent of our child hood's sun - ny life; Friends and
meet the cold re - al - i - ties of man - hood's rip - er years; Skies of
long years fling their shad - ows o'er the di - al plate of time; Still by
can - not drift in - to yon gold - en cit - y by the sea; On - ly

kin - dred all ca - ress us, Clouds and sun - shine meet to bless us, And our
hope are smil - ing o'er us, As we join the work be - fore us; Hope and
faith through shad - ows grop - ing, We find end - less joy in hop - ing That our
through a Sav - ior giv - en Can the soul from sin for - giv - en, En - ter

We are drift - - ing,

mirth and song and laugh-ter ban - ish ev' - ry thought of strife. Friends and kindred all ca-ress us, Clouds and
la - bor, faith and ef - fort gild the cur - rent of our fears. Skies of hope are smil-ing o'er us, As we
souls may rest for - ev - er in a more re - ful-gent clime. Still by faith thro' shad-ows grop-ing, We find
on the bless-ed prom - is - es made known to you and me. On - ly thro' a Sav - ior giv - en Can the

drift - - ing, { 1 light - ly, light - ly, / 2. slow - ly, slow - ly, / 3. sad - ly, sad - ly, / 4. ev - er ev - er, } drift - ing.

sun-shine meet to bless us, And our mirth and song and laugh-ter ban - ish ev' - ry thought of strife.
join the work be - fore us; Hope and la - bor, faith and ef - fort gild the cur - rent of our fears,
end - less joy in hop - ing That our souls may rest for - ev - er in a more re - ful - gent clime.
soul from sin for - giv - en, En - ter on the bless - ed prom - is - es made known to you and me.

When the Light is Fading.

T. Frank Allen.

1. When the light is fad - ing from the west-ern sky, Then the stars in beau-ty shine on high;

2. Much I love at e - ven, when my task is done, To watch the stars as-sem-bling one by one;

From my win-dow gaz - ing, there I seem to see Sweet an - gel eyes look down on me.

Ra-diant, fair, a-dorn - ing all the quiet e-ven, — God's glo-rious tem-ple arch of heaven.

When the Light is Fading.—CONCLUDED.

Chorus.

Hail ev' - ry loved one, clothed all in light, Fair is your dwell - ing, 'mid the stars of night;

Love - ly 'mid the a - zure, shine those lights a - bove, Pro - claim-ing their Cre - a - tor's love.

EVENING PRAYER.

Music by L. H. Dowling.

1. Wea - ry now I go to bed, Close my eyes and rest my head: Father, let Thy watch-ful eye Be up on me as I lie.
2. For the wrong I've done to-day, Look not on it, Lord, I pray, But for give the ill I've done, For the sake of Christ, Thy Son.

LABOR ON.

Words by E. S. L.

Music by L. . . Lorenz.

1. La - bor on! With swift winged feet the mo-ments fly; With la - bor crowned let them pass by, In-creas-ing treas-ures laid
2. La - bor on! Thy work in vain may seem to be, And yet the fruit thou soon shalt see; If not in time, in e-
3. La - bor on! The field so great all wh'te ap-pears; No time hast thou for i - dle fears: Go, reap the harvest, 'twas

Chorus.

up on high; Go, la - bor on!
ter - ni - ty; Go, la - bor on! La - bor on . . . . . La - bor on . . . . . Till at eve the set-ting sun shall pro-
sown in tears; Go, la - bor on!

La - bor on with prayer & song, La-bor on with prayer & song,

claim thy la - bor done, And the prize at length be won, At the close of a day with la - bor crowned.

GIVE ME THY HEART.

Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Music by R. A. Kinzie.

1 The Sav - ior stands at ev' - ry heart, With come-ly form and fair, And knocks up - on the bolt - ed door, To seek ad - mit - tance there.

2 The Sav - ior waits at ev' - ry heart In earn-est, long - ing hope, That soon to his re - peat - ed knock The bolt - ed door will ope. "Give me thy heart", he cries; Give me thy heart of sin, And peace, and sweet con - tent.

3. The Sav - ior pleads with ev' - ry heart, And calls it to re - pent; And of - fers par - don from all sin; I'll wash a - way, a - way its stains, And make my home there - in.

Chorus.

BOYLES.

John McPherson.

Duet. AFFETTUOSO. *Quartet.*

1 Sav - ior breathe an ev'n - ing bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we
2. Tho' the night be dark and drea - y, Dark-ness can - not hide from Thee; Thou art He who,

f *p* *Duet.*

come con-fess - ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a-round us,
nev - er wea - ry, Watch-eth where Thy peo - ple be. Should swift death this night o'er-take us,

Duet. *Chorus.* DIM. RIT.

Tho' the ar - rows near us fly; An-gel guards from heav'n sur-round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
And our couch be-come a tomb, May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in bright and death-less bloom.

THAT GRATEFUL TREE.

Words by Fannie M. Parker. Music by John McPherson.

1. Far a - way in the land of the ho - ly, There stand-eth and liv eth a tree, Whose branches far spreading and
2. O - ver there 'neath its wide cool-ing branch - es The winds and the storms nev-er beat, For those who are gath er'd a-
3. All the ho ly who gath - er be - neath it, Who come from all ends of the earth: They come here by rea son of

lof - ty, In - vit - eth a shel-ter for me. O'er the riv - er of wa - ters it bend - eth, And cool and e - ter - nal it's
bout it, Know noth ing of win ter and heat. O - ver there with its shel-ter a - bove them, The ho - ly in qui - e - tude
pa tience. And good ness & suf fring & worth. They had well fo't the con flict be-hind them. They con-quer'd all foes in the

shade, Its fruits in all sea - sons it yield - eth, Its leaves nev - er per ish nor fade.
dwell, And all of their peace - ful com - mu - nion Is more than we mor - tals can tell.
past; Their Mas - ter, in great lov - ing kind ness, Hath grant - ed them heav - en at last.

I WILL LOVE THEE.

Words by Jno. M. Music by John McPherson.

1. I will love Thee, heav'n-ly Fa-ther! Thro' the dark - est sol - emn night; Thou hast lov - ing - ly and
2. I will love Thee, gra-cious Fa-ther! Tho' the tempt-er's darts as - sail; I will love Thee, for Thou
3. I will love Thee, dear - est Fa-ther! For Thy grace a - lone can save; Give me per - f ct rest in

Chorus.

kind - ly, Kept me till the morn-ing light.
on - ly 'Gainst the tempt-er's darts pre - vail. I will love Thee, might-y Guard-ian! Lord of
Heav - en, Far be-yond death's chil - ly wave.

lords, Thy grace I own; I will sing Thy love for - ev - er, I will praise be - fore Thy throne!

COME AND BLESS US.

T. Frank Allen.

1. Lit - tle hearts, O Lord, may love Thee; Lit - tle minds may learn Thy ways; Lit - tle hands and feet may
2. Lo, each Sab-bath comes to cheer us; Truth and love our teach - ers bring; Great Re - deem - er, be Thou
3. Low - ly now we stand be - fore Thee; Wis - er may we dai - ly grow; Help us ev - er to a-

serve Thee; Lit - tle voic - es sing Thy praise. Ho - ly Je - sus, come and bless us, Bless us
near us, Make us grate - ful while we sing. Lov - ing Je - sus, come and bless us, Guard our
dore Thee. And through life Thy grace to show. Gra - cious Je - sus, come and bless us, Guide us

while this hymn we raise. Ho - ly Je - sus, come and bless us, Bless us while this hymn we raise.
weak-ness 'neath Thy wing, Lov - ing Je - sus, come and bless us, Guard our weak - ness 'neath Thy wing
safe - ly here be - low, Gra - cious Je - sus, come and bless us, Guide us sa e - ly here be - low.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

"And whosoever will, let him take of the waters of life freely." Rev. 22, 17.

Words and Music by L. H. Dowling.

1. Je-sus will give of the fountain of life, Give of the flowing wa-ters; Give to the soldier in
2. Ye who are wea-ry and faint on the way, Thirsting for flow-ing wa-ters; Je-sus, in mer-cy, is
3. Who-ev-er heareth, wherev-er you be, Come to the flow-ing wa-ters; Je-sus is waiting, still

dead-li-est strife, Give of its liv-ing wa-ters.
say-ing to-day, Drink of the liv-ing wa-ters.
wait-ing for thee, Come to the liv-ing wa-ters.
} Oh, come to the fountain, the fountain of life,

Drink of its flowing wa-ters, Flow-ing so free-ly for you and for me, Drink of its liv-ing wa-ters.

OVER THE RIVER.

Words arranged by R. A. G. Music by R. A. Glenn.

1. O ver the riv - er our loved ones have gone, To dwell with the Sav lor in glo - ry; O ver the riv er all
2. O ver the riv - er their sor rows are past, And joy shall sur round them for ev - er; O - ver the riv - er we'll
3. O - ver the riv - er my dear ones have gone, To live with the an gels in glo - ry; O ver the riv er they're

Chorus.

O - - ver the riv - er,

safe ly at home, To join in the tri - umph - ant sto - ry.
meet them at last, Where death can - not part us, no, nev - er. O ver the cold, tur bid riv er,
hap - py and blest They chant with the an - gels that sto - ry.

Loved ones have gone, To live with the an gels in glo ry, In heav - en, our beau ti ful home.

Only a Little While.

Words by Fannie M. Parker. Music by John McPherson.

ANDANTE,

1. On - ly a lit - tle while, and then 'twill all be past! These pres - ent joys and sor - rows, too, will not for - ev - er last; How - ev - er dark the shad - ows be a- round our pil - grim way, We know the clouds must lift some - time and give us light and day.

2. On - ly a lit - tle while we'll through the des - ert roam! And then we'll hear the sweet - est notes of an - gels' "wel-come home;" And sweet - er far will fall their songs up- on the dy - ing ear, Af - ter the long and wea - ry march 'mid rocks and pit - fall here.

3. On - ly a lit - tle while, and then good - bye for aye! To all the ma - ny strifes up - on life's jost - ling hil - ly way; And then will come the fold - ing hands and clos - ing up of eyes, And then a long and last - ing rest from sor - row, tears and sighs.

Little Children come to Me.

Words by C. H. G. Music by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Je sus said while here be low, "Lit tle chil dren come to me," For of such His king dom is; In His home they
2. Je sus loved the lit tle ones, And He took them on His knee, While He said to those a round, "Ex cept ye as
3. Now be glad, ye lit tle ones, Je sus will your Lead er be, He will guide you thro' this vale, He will set your

Chorus.

all may be. Each shall wear a crown of gold, Each be blest with love un told.
child ren be, Ye can nev er en ter Heav'n, Nev er claim the prom ise giv'n." Let lit tle chil dren
spir it free; Each shall wear a shin ing crown, Each be fore His throne bow down.

come, Let lit tle chil dren come; Well He loves the lit tle ones, He loves the lit tle ones

COME AND WELCOME.

Words by Jno. M. Music by John McPherson.

1. Come and wel-come! Je - sus calls you; He in mer - cy bids you come; Come, be hap - py in His
2. Come to Je - sus, start for glo - ry; Leave each dar-ling sin be-hind; Christ will spread His glo - ry
3. Come and wel-come, do not lin - ger; Show the world your choice to-day; Tho' you be a sin-stained

Chorus.

fa - vor! Can you long - er from Him roam?
o'er you, And in Him a friend you'll find. Come and wel-come, Come and wel-come, Come to
sin - ner, Yet He'll wash each sin a - way.

Je - sus, come, O come! He will give you life e - ter - nal, In that up - per, bet - ter home.

THAT GLORY-WORLD.

Words by Jno. M. Music by John McPherson.

1. There is a world of wave-less rest Far in the dark blue sky; Where an-gels sing sweet
2. That glo-ry-world is pure and bright, Our part-ed ones are there; If we His laws and
3. Up in that land of glo-ry bright At last I hope to dwell, There to en-joy in

Chorus.

songs of love In homes pre-pared on high. Love-ly home, Bless-ed home, Sweet
pre-cepts keep, Those rar-est joys we'll share. Love-ly home, Bless-ed home,
worlds of light, Sweet joys no tongue can tell.

home so far on high; Love-ly home, Bless-ed home, Sweet-est home be-yond the sky.
Love-ly home, Bless-ed home.

We'll Trust Him Forevermore.

MODERATO. "Thy word is truth." John 15, 17. Words and Music by L. H. Dowling.

1 Jesus has promised the weary a rest, None of His prom-is - es fail, Mansions a-bove in the
2. Jesus has said that his children shall meet, None of his prom-is - es fail; By the Riv-er of Life, with its
3. Then let us look to the Sav-ior and live, None of his prom-is - es fail; Pleasures un - end-ing he

Chorus.

land of the blest, None of his prom-is - es fail.
wa-ters so sweet, None of his prom-is - es fail.
sure - ly will give, None of his prom-is - es fail.
} We'll trust him for - ev - er - more, We'll

We'll trust

trust him for-ev - er - more, His prom-ise is sure, and must en-dure, We'll trust him for-ev - er - more.

him

GO TO THE GRAVE.

J. H. Leslie.

1. Go to the grave in all thy glo-rious prime, In full ac-tiv-i-ty of zeal and power;
2. Go to the grave, at noon from la-bor cease; Rest on thy sheaves, thy har-vest work is done;
3. Go to the grave, for there thy Sav-ior lay In death's em-brac-es ere He rose on high,

A Chris-tian can-not die be-fore his time, The Lord's ap-point-ment is the serv-ant's hour.
Come from the heat of bat-tle and of peace! Sol-dier, go home, with thee the fight is done!
And all the ran-somed by the nar-row way, Pass to e-ter-nal life be-yond the sky!

PRAISING JESUS.

Words by Jno M.

Music by John McPherson.

1. We will sing of Je-sus, Bless His ho-ly name, Praise Him for His goodness, And His love pro-claim.
2. Lord, we ask Thy blessing, Guide us on our way; Give us light and knowledge, And Thy love to-day.
3. When at last the sum-mons We re-ceive to come, Je-sus, gen-tle Sav-ior, Guide us thro' the gloom!

Oh Come, let us Sing.

John McPherson.

Oh come, let us sing un - to the Lord! Oh come, let us sing un - to the Lord! Oh

Let us sing.

Duet.

come let us sing un - to the Lord! And bless His ho - ly name! 1. He gives us all His ten-der care, His
2. Let earth and sea His prais-es sing, And

RIT.

pre-cious love we all may share; His arm is 'round us ev' - ry day, He hears us when we kneel to pray.
glo - rious hal - le - lu - jahs ring, Till ev' - ry na - tion on the earth Has heard and sung of Je - sus' birth.

Oh come, let us sing un - to the Lord! Oh come, let us sing un - to the

Let us sing.

Lord! Oh come, let us sing un - to the Lord, and bless His ho - ly name!

Let us sing

Bless His name! Bless His name!

Bless His name! Bless His ho - ly name! A - men. A - - men.

Bless His name!

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

1. Our Fa - ther in Heav-en, We hal - low thy name, May
2. For - give our trans-gres-sions, And teach us to know, That

Cres.

thy Kingdom ho - ly On earth be the same: Oh, give to us dai - ly Our
hum - ble com-pas - sion Which par - dons each foe; Keep us from temp-ta - tion, From

f

por - tion of bread; It is from thy boun - ty That all must be fed.
e - vil and sin, And thine be the glo - ry For - ev - er, A - men.

WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.

Words by John McPherson. Music by W. H. Burgett.

CHEERFULLY.

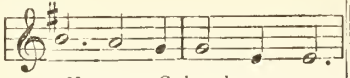
1. That love - ly home is mine; Be - neath His smile I'm blest; I'll leave all care be-
2. Tho' sor - rows lie a - round, And sad - ness fills my breast; I'll see Him as He
3. At last, dear Lord, look down! In mer - cy pi - lot me; Give me a daz - zling

Chorus.

hind, As stars sink in the West.
is; My soul, at last, shall rest. Oh we shall be like Him, When
crown, In that E - ter - ni - ty.

we those man - sions see; And see Him as He is, From sin and sad-ness free.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

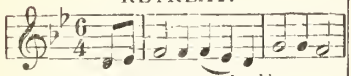


1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

RETREAT.



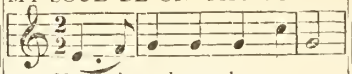
1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering souls no mercy seat?

MY SOUL BE ON THY GUARD.

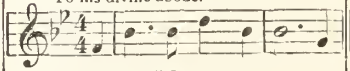


1 My soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

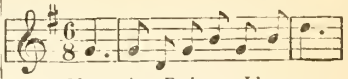


1 Oh, when shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 Bet now I am a soldier,
My Captain 's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

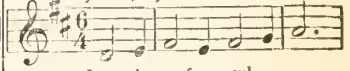
3 Oh, let us all prove faithful,
Though trials cross the way;
We'll cast our care on Jesus,
And not forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith and hope and love,
And when our warfare's ended
We'll reign with him above.

MY GRACIOUS REDEEMER.



1 My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 Yon palaces, scepters, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey.
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds
And pass in a moment away.
The crown that my Savior bestows
Yon permanent s 1 shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer is mine.



1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,—
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of Peace and Righteousness;
Most unworthy, Lord, I am,
Thou art full of love and grace.

Tune, **WEBB** *Key* A*b*

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,—
A foll'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil—endure the pain,—
Supported by thy word.

4 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of vict'ry, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Tune, **SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.** *Key* D.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft' escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

Tune, **KENTUCKY.** *Key* A*b*.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live:
And Oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely—
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Tune, **SHINING SHORE** *Key* G.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger

Cho. For oh, we stand, &c.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning,
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

Cho. For oh, we stand, &c.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing:
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

Cho. For oh, we stand, &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh! forever!

Cho. For oh, we stand, &c.

Tune, **DENNIS.** *Key* F.

1 How gentle God's command!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care

2 Beneath his powerful sway,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Will guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your Heavenly Father's throne
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Renewed from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Tune, **OLIVET.** *Key* E *b*.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary!
Savior divine!
Now hear me, while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh! let me, from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

3 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

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